A STRONG THEOLOGICAL NOVEL.

JOHN WARD, PREACHER. By MARGARET DELAND, 12 mo. pp. 473. Houghton, Mifflia & Co. In this powerful novel is presented a deeply eresting study of the effects of religious belief upon love and happiness. Another phase of the same problem was dealt with in the recently translated Spanish story entitled " Leon Roch." as a strong piece of work, but Margaret Deland has surpassed it in delicacy and subtlety not less than in the vivid realism of her character-drawing and the artistic simplicity of her diction. The leading motive is not complicated, but one none the less capable of large consequences. A girl who has been brought up in the family of a liberal, easy and worldly minded rector in the copal Church falls in love with and marries a Presbyterian minister of fervently spiritual char-The young wife is, if anything, an Ag-The young husband is of the martyr type. nostic. He has never doubted that the obligation lay upon him to convert his bride to Calvinism, but will not be drawn into argument on theological questions, and, resting content in her love,

constrains him for some time to postpone all en-

avors to convince her of her errors. The situation, however, is strained, and cannot last. The sudden death, while heroically attempting the rescue of a child from fire, of a drunken workman is the means of precipitating a crisis. Helen Ward, indignant at the declaration of one of her husband's deacons that the dead man is inevitably lost, tells the widow that there is no Hell, and that her late husband is certainly not in any such place. Thenceforward the preacher's vife is marked as a heretic, and both she and John Ward are pursued by popular censure, and more directly by the deacon whose doctrine Helen had traversed so boldly. The struggle which now begins between the husband and wife is described with great skill and force. The former gradually comes to believe that he is sinning against Helen's dearest interests in shrinking from overt attempts to convince her. Under this conviction he preaches an uncompromising doctrinal sermon, directed really at her. The only result is to bring from her an explicit statement of her disbelief in eternal punishment. Then a strange idea germinates in John Ward's mind. His wife is away from him on a visit. He writes to her, just as she is about to return home, that she must not come to him until she has " found the truth."

The practical effect of this is to decree final and hopeless separation between two souls that love one another perfectly; and the mystery of the situation is that John Ward's apparent cruelty is the direct, the logical consequence of the depth and greatness of his love. This is beautifully brought out in the discussions which exhibit the average, shallow construction put upon the facts by people of the world. Of course these distribblame freely between the husband and wife without in the least understanding either. Helen shows herself to be capable of the noblest flights during the terrible ordeal to which she is subjected. She will not permit her husband to be, abused. She never for a moment doubts the fulness of his love. Her clear-seeing spirit recogpizes it in the mask of cruelty. She knows that he is really seeking to save her by a new kind of vicarious atonement; that he is inflicting upon himself the most poignant suffering in the hope that her perception of his agony may quicken her spiritual insight and lead her to the light as he sees it. Helen, for her part, does not deceive herself. She realizes from the first that what John seeks is unattainable. It is not possible for her to unlearn the religious beliefs which have become her very self. She cannot accept his doctrine of future punishment, and neither can she Insult him and herself no less by pretending to a change of belief which has not come to pass. fact, she is required to accomplish the impossible, and because he cannot see this, because he is profoundly convinced that it is his duty both to God and to her to put this suffering upon her and endure it himself, the case is altogether hopeless. Neither of them can withdraw, neither of them can propose or accept any compromise.

The strength of such a situation for the purposes of fiction must be seen at onee; but if the situation is strong, it is equally difficult.. To deal with it falsely or weakly would be very easy. So to handle it as to throw into high relief the exalted and noble aspects of a line of action so the players. It is true that Mr. Morgan, in liable, from its externals, to be condemned summarily as cruel, demands a very high order of talent and an exceptional and almost instinctive delicacy of execution. The combination is of the kind which, while embracing tragic elements, may, by clumsy or inapt presentation, be made to appear only disagreeable and repulsive. The parrowness of John Ward in many respects is neither concealed nor palliated. In the manner of his separation from his wife there is a bold ignoring of social, even of legal obligations, which would probably in real life have prevented the consummation of such a project. This touch unpracticality, however, is readily excused, seeing that it is necessary to the working out of the psychological problem which is the central theme. What the conclusion of the strange conflict is need not be indicated. It is clear that there can be no solution of the main point in contention. The struggle is essentially unequal, being between two minds holding irreconcilable beliefs and equally loyal to the truth as each sees it, It is the mathematical problem of the production of parallel lines to infinity. They can never meet, howsoever far they go.

The reception by Helen of John Ward's heartbreaking resolve is not the least beautiful part of the story. She is stunned at first, crushed almost to the earth. But she does not even for an instant misunderstand her husband. She how masterful is the love that has dictated this great renunciation; her heart goes out to him, if possible, more warmly than ever, even while her intellect is regognizing the finality of the bereavement she must school herself to endure. Helen indeed is a lovely character; though the author has done his utmost to make John Ward intelligible; though there can be no doubt as to his exaltation, his gentleness, his altruism, and his manliness, it is after all the wife's bearing and doing and suffering which interest us the most deeply, and touch us most powerfully. The most impartial critic cannot wholly divest himself of some impatience when contemplating the waste of love and human happiness caused by the preacher's intensity of conviction; but there is no room for antagonistic emotions while observing the ineffable tenderness, humility, patience, fulness of comprehension, and utter loyalty of love, exhibited by this sweet and noble

The setting of this study is worthy of it. The description of village life at Ashurst, the figures of the genial old rector, the spinster sisters Deborsh and Ruth, the old-fashioned gentleman, Lawyer Denner, the strong-minded Mrs. Dale, the impulsive Lois, the slow-thinking and moving but upright and high-principled Gifford-each and all are carefully and firmly drawn and well individualized. There is much quiet but searching humor in the movement. The end of Denner's matrimonial adventure is delicately pathetic. No rough or unfinished work has been admitted to the book, and though the play of passion in the principal parts is free and even energetic, taint of extravagance mars the thorough naturalness of the development. It is a story of strong and absorbing interest, finely conceived, and written throughout with uncommon ability.

The life of Richard Lepsius, the distinguished Egyptologist, has been written by his friend and former pupil, Georg Ebers (William S. Gottsberger). The biography is prefaced by a portrait of Lepsius, which shows a singularly refined and noble head. Professor Ebers has performed his labor of love with scrupulous painstaking, and though the life is contained in a single small volume, it is closely packed with information and erudite exposition of Lepscientific work. The latter preserved in degree the German capacity for acquiring scientific work. dge, the German patience and the German thness. The account of his education, and of bunt of work he and his teachers thought necessary to a serious beginning of a learned career has a viscoson in it which those engaged in educational work | p

will know how to apply and appreciate. The opportunity of Lensius's life was the organizat Prussian Government expedition for Egyptian exploration, and he took full advantage of it, accompli an astonishing amount of valuable work in the three years during which he was away, and bringing h to Berlin a great archaeological treasure, thenceforth to be installed in the museum over which the founder presided as long as he lived. His life appears to have been a happy one. It was vexed by no sordid material cares. He was enabled to devote it to science, and was specially fortunate in having his talents fully recognized by the late Emperor William, who was a firm and powerful friend to him throughout. Professor Ebers has written a biography of his old master which fossesses soild vaine. He has left little to be gleaned after him. Perhaps it is the peculiarity of his subject which imparts a certain coldness to the narralive. Lepsius was a very self-contained man, undemonstrative and practical in all things. But we miss in this account of him a subtle human element which gives so strong an interest to the lives of many far less distinguished and brilliant men, and it could almost be wished either that he had been less monotonously perfect or that his biographer had been less careful in climinating the shadaw from his narrative. recognized by the late Emperor William, who was

THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE.

"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR."

THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE. Edited by APPLE TON MORGAN. The Comedies, Histories and Trage-dies of Mr. William Shakespeare as presented at the Globe and Blackfriars Theatres, circa 1591-1623. Being the text furnished the Players, is parallel pages with the first revised felio text, with critical troductions. 8vo, pp. 220. The Shakespeare Se-

ciety of New-York. The edition of Shakespeare of which this volume, containing "The Merry Wives of Windsor," the commencement has been undertaken by the Shakespeare Society of New-York for the purpose of illustrating the growth of Shakespeare's plays, by bringing together the quarto and first folio revisions of them. Mr. Appleton Morgan, the president of the Shakespeare Society, furnishes an interesting introduction to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," in which he examines the genesis of the play, the much-discussed Falstaff question, and the evidence which appears to him to warrant the theory that the quarto version of 1602 represents the play as Shakespeare originally wrote it, and that the 1623 folio shows it as developed by accretions which it had received during twenty years of stage representation, and chiefly through the creative fancy of the players themselves.

Into the question of the genesis of Shakespeare's Falsteff we shall not enter, merely observing that Mr. Morgan's hypothesis in regard to the agency of Queen Elizabeth in the matter seems to us no better supported by any authentic records than the majority of the imaginative conjectures which, in default of verifiable facts, spring perennially around the whole host of Shakespeare problems. The other theory-that of the way in which the play grew-strikes us as more ingenious than credible. Why Mr. Morgan should be so anxious to make it appear that the finished play was more the work of any number of unknown hands than of the titular author, is a question in no way explained by the fact that this Shakespearean student has been working for years on the same general lines. It is a wholesome and safe scientific axiom never to accept a far-fetched or difficult explanation of phenomena until all the natural and simple explanations have been exhausted. Now, the natural and simple explanation of the differences between the quarto and first-folio editions of the play is, that Shakespeare himself made the additions and alterations. This view is reinforced by the statement of the first-folio editors, Heminges and Condell, concerning the state of the final manuscript received by them from Shakespeare; and it is not a little significant that in order to buttress his own far-fetched hypothesis, Mr. Morgan is compelled-without rhyme or reasonto set aside this statement of the first-folio editors as being of no value.

A more unlikely procedure than that imagined by Mr. Morgan it would be difficult to conceive. In the first place, it is to be noted that by far the greater number of the additions and alterations are distinctly in the nature of improvements. On Mr. Morgan's theory, therefore, the implication must be that an indefinite number of unknown, or very little known, players were competent to improve Shakespeare's text. More than this, the theory degrades Shakespeare, not only by making him appear a mere rough outline draughtsman, but represents him as patiently tolerating the most sweeping textual changes, made at will by another work suggests the possibility that Shakespeare may have in some way supervised these so case much better. No student of Shakespeare to-day would stand out for the immaculateness of the plays, of course. It must be freely conceded that the Elizabethan players were accustomed to "gags" and interpolations such as would astonish a modern playwright. But when all reasonable allowance is made for such liberties, we are still a very long way from readiness to admit that the differences between the quarto and first-folio versions of the play represent mainly foreign accretions; that is, changes not made by Shakespeare.

There never can be any certainty in experiments at separating the Shakespearean from the non-Shakespearcan in the plays, argues Mr. Morgan: therefore the student is at perfect liberty to take away as much as he pleases from Shakespeare. This argument is, we maintain, faulty. The inherent presumption must always be in favor of the authenticity of the latest versions of the text. As to the earliest, we know that Shakespeare did not prepare, nor for that matter, authorize them. We know also that as George the Third said, there is "sad stuff" in them. But nobody has ever yet shown any criterion for the genius of Shakespeare; and the assumption-adopted with curious facility by generations of critics-that everything which is not excellent is to be condemned as interpolation, really rests upon no rational foundation. Shakespeare's genius was so comprehensive that he

Not one, but all mankind's, epitome." He wrote for every class, of intelligence and apprehension. It is not, therefore, incredible that he should have consciously and purposely descended sometimes as far below the average line as at other times he rose above it. When critics say that such and such lines are not " worthy of Shakespeare," it seems to us they manifest a strangely narrow estimate of the master. When they undertake to distinguish between what is his writing and what has been added to his writing, by gauging the intellectual force and value of the matter, they are very dangerously occupied, and very liable to deceive themselves and all who trust to their exegesis.

In the present case, however, there is a certain unity and harmony between the new parts of the first-folio version which goes far to justify the conclusion that if Shakespeare did not himself make all the additions in the first instance, he adopted and gave them his imprimatur before Heminges and Condell entered upon their work. Most can tainly they do not suggest the loose, haphazard process relied upon by Mr. Morgan to explain the growth of the play. The president of the New-York Shakespeare Society is an enthusiastic student and a shrewd, ingenious critic. He has, however, launched a literary undertaking, the very form of which is a strong incentive to indulgence in that conjectural line of commentary which has spoiled so many editions of Shakespeare, and increased the general student's difficulties by compelling him to discriminate as carefully in reading the commentators as in analyzing the author himself. No doubt the temptations to speculation are powerful in everything that concerns Shake-speare. In the absence of a solid body of historical fact, myth springs into being about him as naturally as weeds in an untilled field, while every theorist tends to become a partisan of his own fancies, and once a partisan, woe to the facts which stand in his way. The Bankside Shake-speare may be a useful and even valuable work; or it may degenerate into a mere monument of speculative and baseless criticism. We believe that Mr. Morgan possesses all the ability to make the enterprise valuable, but he is not free from those "besetting sins" which are the mark and scourge of our common mortality, and if he is to make the most possible out of his present opportunities he will have to keep more directly in view the simpler explanations of Shakespearean phenomens. creased the general student's difficulties by comART NEWS AND COMMENTS.

THE WEEK IN ART CIRCLES.

NOTES OF THE EXHIBITIONS-ART NEWS HERE AND EISEWHERE, This will be The last week of the Pastel Club's exdibition at the Wunderlich Gallery. The cieverness with which the medium has been handled by some of ibutors has met with appreciation, although the exhibition has appealed to amateurs, rather than to the general public. There has been a fair attendance and drawings by Messrs. Blum, Beckwith, and one or two others have found purchasers. It is to be hoped that the club will decide to hold exhibitious regularly.

There have been few sales at the Prize Fund exhibition. On Jone 1 the pictures sold will be delivered to purchasers and their places, filled. paintings have been Several of the for the Chicago Exposition, and will be removed on June 15. Their places and they probably be filled, although it is uncertain how long the exhibition will continue.

The Jouy collection of ancient and modern Corpan and Chinese bronzes, porcelains, pottery, paintings, lacquer and fron work was placed upon exhibition last week in the gallery of Mr. Edward Greey, No. 20 East Seventeenth-st. This collection was formed by Mr. Pierre L. Jouy in Corca, between 1883 and 1886. It presents examples of the early act of the "Hermit Nation," representing the times when Corean art was a factor in Oriental civilization and there are also many specimens of articles in every-day use illustrating Corean life at present. The excellent catalogue prepared by Mr. Greey furnishes needed explanations and descriptions.

A New-York collection is again to furnish material for an interesting exhibition in Boston. Mr. Henry Sewall, of this city, whose collection, as amateur know, contains about 17,000 admirably selected prints, is to lend his examples of Albert Durer to the Soston Art Museum for an exhibition in the fall. This exhibition has been planned by Mr. S. R. Kochler, curator of the museum's print department, and it is xpected that Durer's work will be completely illustrated. Last year the Rembrandt exhibition, organized by Mr. Kochler in Boston, also consisted largely of prints from New-York. The owner is evidently willing to share the enjoyment of his treasures with the public, but nobody has seemed disposed to provide an opportunity in this city. If there were a regular print department at the Metropolitan Museum, annual loan exhibitions might be possible. At present it is necessary for the public to depend upon the dealers and occasional exhibitions at the Groffer Club and elsewhere which are not accessible to every one. A museum of sphotographs and casts would be most useful in this city, and such a museum might include special provision for prints. At present New-York has no public print collection of importance, and it is only occasionally that the public obtain glimpses of the rare prints which are in our private collections. Some artists and publishers of this city have been

rendering valuable assistance in the illustration of the methods of the graphic arts which is in progress at the National Museum of the Smithsonian Institution. The supervision of this work has been placed in the hands of Mr. S. R. Koehler, whose entire competency no one will question. The idea, which is that followed elsewhere in the arrangement of the museum, is to begin material, to show the with the raw instruments used, and steps, the the successive and final results. Those who are interested in etching and engraving will find in one alcove a case containing all the tools used, with specimens of the various kinds of plates, mordants and grounds used by etchers. The possibilities of printing have been illustrated by Messrs. Kimmel and Voight, of this city, who have printed in eight different ways a plate etched by Mr. Parrish. These proofs show the results of a "clean wipe," "rag wipe," retroussage, etc., and a counter proof is also shown. Among the illustrations of the steel engraver's work is the original plate of the late Asher Durand's "Ariadne," with the artist's working proofs. There is a proof of the late James Smillie's large engraving after the "Rocky Mountains by Bierstadt, together with examples of the work of John Cheney and John Sartain, which are illustrative, like the work of banknote engravers which s to be exhibited. An alcove is devoted to the illustration of the processes of intaglio engraving, includ-ing, of course, mezzotint, as well as work with the ing, of course, mezzotint, as went as work with the burin, and another alcove is devoted to wood engraving. Mr. W. J. Linton has contributed illustrations of the history of wood engraving which fill three cases. Many of these are photographs, or process prints. "The Century" Company has furnished three cases filled with material which shows the methods of wood engraving. There is the boxwood block, the photograph on the block, the engraved block with the tools, the electrotype, some illustrations of the "overlay."

The illustrations of direct methods of expression The illustrations of direct methods of expression include a case of pencil drawings by Messrs, F. S. Church, J. D. and G. H. Smille, and Kruseman van Ellin, with crayon studies by pupils of the Boston Artschool, charcoal drawings by Messrs, Shirlaw, Kappes and Miller, pen and ink drawings by Mr. Shirlaw, and some India ink work by Mr. Miller. There are water colors by Messrs, J. D. Smillie and J. H. Niemeyer, ome black and white oil work by Messrs. Smillle, hurch and Miller, and some monotypes by Mr. C. A. Kalker. Of course it will be understood that the olctures are intended primarily to illustrate the result pictures are intended primarily to illustrate the result attainable with the given medium. They represent the last stage of development from the raw material. This is simply designed as an exhibition of methods, and the importance of making it complete will be readily appreciated. Moreover, the exhibition should be interesting to the general public. For example, the growth of the chrome has been flustrated by Mr. Louis Prang, with stones of different kinds, drawings, colors, and impressions at all stages, and some visitors may find the processes more attractive than many of the results. This work has been dependent upon charity, it might be said, for little or no money has been available for purchases, and nearly everything has been contributed. Mr. Kochler can furnish information as to the material needed to complete this collection.

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One of the important events of the season in Paris is the sale of the Goldschmidt collection this month at the Petit Gallery. Several of the fifty-three pictures in this collection were among the "Hundred Masterpleces." There are twenty-live oils, water colors and pastels by Decamp, ten paintings by Delacroix, five by Troyon, three by Rousseau, two by Millet, two by Dupre, and single examples of Bonington, Corot, Diaz, Gericault, Meissouler and Zhem. Among the pictures by Delacroix is a "Christ on the Cross," which was in the Laurent-Richards sale, with paintings of "Bonaparte in Italy," "The Parting of Hamlet and Ophelia," "Marguerito at the Church," and a "Corfilet of Arab Cavallers." Another but different pictures of the last subject is in the collection of Mr. W. T. Walters at Baltimore. Among the examples of Decamps are "A Farinyard," painted in 1849, "Hunting Larks With a Mirror," and other illustrations of field sports, with some landscapes and religious subjects. The Troyons are "La Vallee de la Touques," an important picture about nine feet long by six in height, "La Banicrer," and "L'Abreuvoir, le matin." The first two were among the "Hundred Masterpleces." The two examples of Millet are crayon drawings.

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According to "The London Times," Mr. Boughton's "Golden Afternoon, Isle of Wight, near Luccombe," in the Royal Academy exhibition, has been purchased by an American. "The Times" says: "This is probably the largest work of the palmer, and to our mind it is his best. It is a view of the pastures sloping down to the water; a shepherd with two dogs is gathering the flock; beyond are meadows and hedge rows; and in the distance the sunlight falls upon cliffs, downs and sea. It would scarcely have been possible to choose a scene more characteristic of the English country, of its soft and smiling hunriance, of its green fields, and of the quiet life which even in these days of steam, coal smoke and depression, is still spread over the surface of it. If, as is rumored, this picture is destined to crost the occan, our American consins will have in it a most pleasantly suggestive vision of the old home."

In the May Portfolio, Mr. Hamerton says of the

the occan, our American cousins will have in it a most pleasantly suggestive vision of the old home."

In the May Portfolio, Mr. Hamerton says of the New English Art Club: "It is a pity that those among them who imitate the recent phases of French art should apparently fix on the weakest or crudest eccentricities as the point of their approach. We fail to see why the truth which underlies the system of paiding primarily on a scheme of values, or the seeding of a whole impression, which precludes the focusing of the mental or the physical vision on detail, in paris or again, the reverse of this, the concentration of finish or repeat such traths cannot be illustrated without a purposed selection of ugity or sordid models or poverty-stricken landscape material, a deflance of all laws of composition, an accentuation of common motives, or a wayward choice of strange treatment to no purpose but strangeness." All of which might be applied to much American work. The frontispiece of the magazine is a creditable ciching by Mr. G. M. Rhead, after a painting of card players by Hendrik Sorgh, who is termed by Mr. Henry "a -typical Duich gene painter of the seventeenth century." This etching is accompanied by Mr. F. Short's mezzelint after a landscape by Mr. H. Railton.

Regarding the wholesale picture making supering the making supering the making supering the making supering the seventeent of the seventeenth century." This etching is accompanied by Mr. H. Railton.

Regarding the wholesale picture making supering tended by the Belgian artist, Van Beers, the "Courrier de Fart" remarks: "If the luries of present of future exhibitions have the least respect for art and the least care for their own dignity, we flatter our selves that the honest manufacturer, Van Reers, will be forever pittlessly shown the door of every exhibition, small or great."

tion, small or great."

"The London Sunday Times" says: "Although Mr. Whistler is not represented at any of the current London exhibitions, it must not be thought that he has lately been idle. He is earing for his growing fame abroad, at the forthcoming international Exhibition at Munich he will be amply represented, for, in response to very flattering overtures, he has sent sixty or seventy works of various kinds, including his famous portraits of his mother, of Lady Archibald Campbell and Miss Alexander, several of his best nortures, a number of pastels and water colors, and about thirty etching. The directors of the exhibition have made special arthreements to accord a large space to Mr. Whistler's work, in order that it may be sufficiently representative. Mr. Whistler will also be seen to advantage in Paris this summer at a very important exhibition, of which M. Monet is one of the leading spirits."

German picture sales are less noticed here than the des at the Hotel Drouet, in Paris, but the Egger-diection, recently sold in Vienna, appears from the

illustrated qaialogue to have contained many pictures of unusual consequence. Among the French paintings were examples of Daubigny, Jasque, Ziem, Fichel and a scene in the Ahambra by Fortany, with figures by Roybet. Among the pictures by Ansirian artists were twenty-four by Pertenholen, a "Nuban Family" by Makart, and paintings by Alt and Kurzbasier. There were genres by the German Knaus and Kurzbasier. There were genres by the Achenbachs, landscapes by Lessing and Munthe, examples of the Munich school by Piloty, Max and Braedt, pictures by Alfred Sievens claimed for the Belgian school, which was also represented by Willems and others. The large paper caralogue of the Egons collection contains etchings and photographic prints reproducing many of the 20s paintings.

PANSIES. From Good Housekeeping.

rom Good Heusekeeping.
These passies in my garden bed,
Sweet passies in my garden bed,
Greet me with just the self-same look
They were ten years ago.
"These are for thoughts," what thoughts they bring,
What messages of youth and spring
And ten long years ago;

And I still keep some withered ones
You gave me long ago;
A knot of blue that matched your eyes,
A little knot or so.
These are my treasures, these my gold.
Put them away, the tale was told
Ten long long years ago.

JANE STUART.

ONE OF THACKERAY'S WOMEN.

Colonel Higginson in Harper's Bazar. There lately passed away, at Newport, RI Island, one who could justly be classed with The cray's women; one in whom Lady Kew would I taken delight; one in whom she would have for wit and memory and audacity rivalling her own; taken delight; one in whom she would have found wit and memory and audacity rivalling her own; one who was at once old and young, poor and loxurious, one of the loneliest of human beings, and yet one of the most sociable. Miss Jame Stimer, the only surviving daughter of Gilbert Stuart, the artist, had dweit all her life on the edge of art without being an artist, and at the brink of fashion without being fashionable. Living at times in something that approached pennry, she was surrounded by friends who were rich and generous; so that she often fulfailed Modey's famous saying, that one could do without he necessaries of life, but could not spare the luxuries. She was an essential part of the almosphere of Newport; living near tie "Old Stone Mill," she divided its celebrity, and, as all agreed, its doubtful antiquity; for her most infimate friends could not really greess within fifteen years how old she was, and strangers placed her anywhere from sixty to eighty. Her modest cottage, full of old faraiture and pictures, was the resort of much that was fashionable on the days of her weekly receptions; superb equipages sometimes stood before the coor, and if during any particular season she suspected a failing off in visitors, she would try some new device—a beautiful girl sitting in a certain carved armehair beneath an emblazoned window, like Keats's Madeline—or, when things grew desperate, a bench with a mill-paa and a pumplin on the piazza, to give an innocentry rural air. "My dear," she said on that occasion, "I must try something; rustleity is the dodge for me," and so the piazza looked that summer like a transformation scene in "Cinderella," with the fally godmother not far off.

She inherited from her father in full the Bohemian temperament, and cultivated it so habitually through

soene in "Cinderella," with the fairy godmother not far off.

She inherited from her father in full the Bohemian temperament, and cultivated it so habitually through life that it was in full flower at a time when almost any other woman would have been repressed by age, poverty and loneliness. At seventy or more she was still a born Mistress of the Revels, and could not be for five minutes in a house where a charade or a masque was going on without tapping at the most private door and plaintively imploring to be admitted as one of the conspirators. Once in, there was nothing too daring, too grotesque, or too juvenile for her to accept as her part, and to adorn it. In the modest winter revels of the narrowed Newport circle, when wit and ingenuity had to be invoked to replace the summer resources of wealth and display, the was an indispensable factor. She has been known to enact a "Proud Sister" in "Cinderella," to be the performer on the penny whistle in the Children's Symphony, to march as the drum-major of the Ku-Klux Klan, with a musif for a shako, and to be the gorilla of a menagerie, with an artificial head. Nothing could make too great a demand upon her wit and vivedity, and her very face had a droll plainness more effective for histrionic purposes than a Greeian profile. She never lost dignly in these performances, for she heaver lost dignly in these performances, for she never lost dignly in these performances, for she heaver lost dignly in these performances, for she heaver lost dignly in these performances, for she never lost dignly in these performances, for she heaver lost dignly in these performances, for she never lost dignly in these performances, for she never lost dignly in these performances, for she never lost dignly in these performances, for she never

propriety, and quite enabled her on serious occasions to hold her own.

But her social resources were not confined to occasions where she was one of an extemporized troupe; she was a host in herself; she had known everybody; her memory held the adventures and scandais of a generation, and these lost nothing on her lips. Then, when other resources were exhausted, and the candles had burned down, and the fire was low, and a few guests lingered, somebody would be sure to say; "Now, Miss Jane, tell us a ghost story," With a little, a very little of coy reductance, she would begin, in a voice at first continouplaire, but presently dropping to a sort of mystle tone; she seemed to undergo a change like the gypsy queen in Browning's "Flight of the Duchess"; she was no longer a plain, elderly woman in an economical gown, but she became a medium, a soleson weaver of spells so deep that they seemed to enchant herself. Whence came her stories, I wonder! not ghost stories alone, but blood, curdling murders and midnight terrors, of which she absted you not an item—for she was never squeamishtales that all the police records could hardly match. Then, when she and her auditors were wrought up to the highest pitch, she began to tell fortunes; and here also she seemed not so much a performer as one performed upon—a Delphic priestess, a Cassandra. I never shall forget how she once made our blood runced with the visions of coming danger that she conjured around a young married woman, on whom there soon afterward broke a wholy unexpected seandal that left her an exile in a foreign land. No one over knew, I believe, whether Miss Stuert spoke at that they with knowledge; perhaps she hardly knew herself; she always was, or affected to be, carried away beyond hereself by these well incantations.

She was not so much to be cailed affectionate or carried as. herself; she always was, or affected to be, carried away beyond herself by these welfd incantations. She was not so much to be called affectionate or lovable as good-natured and kindly; and with an undisguised relish for the comfertable things of this world, and a very frank liking for the society of the rich and great, she was yet constant, after a fashion, to humbier friends, and liking for the society of the rich and great, she was yet constant, after a fashion, to humbier friends, and liking for the form of flattery—a flattery so flabitual thal, it lest all its greasness, and became almost a form of good deeds. She was sometimes justly accused by applying it to the wealthy and influential, but it was almost as freely exercised where she had nothing to gain by it; and it gave to the humblest the feeling that he was at least worth flattering. Even if he had a secret fear that what she said of him behind his back might be less encouraging, no matter; it was something to have been praised to his face. It must be owned that her resources in the other direction were considerable, and Lord Steyne himself might have applauded when she was gradually ledging in might have applauded when she was gradually ledging in pictures, or some intrusive dame who had patronizingly inspected her humble cot. It could not quite be said of her that her wit lived to play, not wound; and yet, after all, what she got out of life was so moderate, and so many women would have found her way of existence dreary enough, that it was impossible to grudge her these trifling indulgences.

that it was impossible to grudge her these triaing indulgences.

Inheriting her father's love of the brush, she had little of his talent; her portraits of friends were generally transferred by degrees to dark corners; but there existed an impression that she was a good copyist of Stuart's pictures, and she was at one tind a familiar figure in Beston, perched on a high stool, and copying those of his works which were transferred for safe, keeping from Faneuil Hall to the Art Museum. On one occasion, it was said, she grew tired of the long process of copying, and took a can when home with the eyes unpainted, putting them in colored to please her own fancy, at Newport. Perhaps she invented this legend for her own amusement, for she never spared herself, and were she to read this poor sketch of her, would object to nothing but the tameness of its outlines.

SIR RICHARD BURTON'S LIVELY FAMILY.

From The London Spectator.
Colonel Burton, the father of Richard, entered the From The London Spectator.

Colonel Burton, the father of Richard, entered the Army at seventeen, and later in life, after he had married, found it expedient to live abroad. His children, Richard, Edward, and a sister, brought up on the Continent, learned several languages almost as a matter of course; and the boys acquired a cosmopolitan tone which never left them. They seem to have been hardy and high-spirited children who, despite a liberal use of the paternal cane, did pretty much as they pleased. They best all their bonnes, generally by running at their petiticoats and upsetting them. One servant, a big Norman girl, insisting on stricter discipline, was sone conquered,—"A jerk of the arm on her part brought on a general attack from the brood; the poor bonne measured her length upon the ground and they jumpel upon her." One day their mother took them to the window of a pasiry-cook's, and, by way of lesson, pointing to some apple puffs, and i:—"Now, let us no; it is good for little children to restrain themselves." Upon this the three devices turned flashing eyes and burning cheeks upon their moralising mother, bruke the windows with their maralising mother, bruke the windows with their maralising mother, bruke the windows with their maralising mother, bruke the harden a wiser woman, to pay the damage of her lawless brood's proceedings." None will be surprised to read, further on, that Edward, who went to Cambridge, was sent away because he darly refused to rise in time to attend morning chapel; and that Richard was rustleated from Oxford because he would drive tandam to a forbidden steeple-chase. At the same time it should be said that both the hots wilfully disobered in order that they might enter on active life as soldiers.

from The Boston Post's Washington dispatch.

From The Boston Post's Washington dispatch.

An interesting incident occurred at the Smithsonian institution to-day. This was his photographing of the costume worn by General Washington when he resigned his commission in the army to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia. Mr. John Noah, the son of a well-known newspaper correspondent of this city, who is clerk of the Institution, was selected as the subject by whom the clothes should be worn. Mr. Noah is a young man, more than six feet in height and of splendid physique. General Washington's uniform fitted him perfectly. A painting of Washington, how in the Possession of the institute, shows him to have been not unifile Mr. Noah is appearance at the latter's age. The photograph to-day, after Mr. Noah had undersone a certain preliminary fixing, is said to be an excellent representation of Washington at the age of twenty-four. When this operation had been not constitute, concluded, Mr. Noah was dressed in the uniform in which General Jackson appeared at the battle, of New-Orleans, and an equality good representation was secured. The object of photographing the unforms is to preserve their appearance to future greations after the material shall have faded and rotted away.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate A NERVE-FOOD AND TONIC. The Most Effective jet discovered.

RACHEL, OF VIRGINIA,

HER PLEASANT ECCENTRICITIES. " Have you ever kept house in Virginia?" inquired an

forced us to respond in the negative.

Then I advise you to go slow. You will give it up in two months." As a lineal descendant of Mother Eve, what more natural than for us to ejaculate immediately, almost before the sentence was ended, that one sharp little word of three letters, which seems always poised on the very tip of a woman's torque, ready to lose its

balance and topple over and out the instant the lip gate unlatches-" Why ?" Because you will be so discouraged and disgusted. You will find out in less time than I have named that you know nothing about housekeeping in Virginia, with

Virginia colored servants." "Can they be any worse than some of the foreign element that have conspired to make heusekeeping a burden and life a cry of despair in the dozen years I have been mistress of my own home in New-York !" I incredulously inquired.

"Worse !" my termenter ejaculated; "those Irish girls, the very poorest and most unsatisfactory you ever had in your kitchen were angels, yes, angels with unclipped wings just ready to soar, compared with what you can find here. Two months is all the time I give

"Well," I announced to Nicodemus, as we left the self-constituted Job's Comforter, "he is a Southerner, with Southern prejudice against the blacks, while I, as a Northerner born and bred, believe that we are responsible for most of their faults and shortcomings that the enduring of and suffering for them is a part of the justice and eternal or earthly fitness of things, our punishment for so long allowing the institution of slavery to exist. Strange if I cannot be ratient with and willing to teach a poor ignorant black, when we white people are responsible for said ignorance and degradation.

It was about four weeks ago that the above conversation was held, and that the sentiments or principles then enunciated were, I supposed firmly implanted in my breast. Possibly the principles still remain. so, and that they will never be uprooted or

"choked out." " Rachel," I inquire from a communicating room, a I hear her voice raised angrily and a suspicious bang-ing of tin ware, "what is it you are saying?"

"I'se only tawkin' ter de pan," comes the answer, but I conclude the girl is also chastising the same inanimate, unoffending object, as the sound of a blow uron the metal from a heavy fist reaches us.

Rachel seems principled against laying down any spoon, or knife, or piece of china even. She stands over the table, and suspending the article from two to five inches above, lets it fall. To all remonstrances and fears expressed lest our small store of kitchen and dining-room utensils will speedily be nil, as warnings received aided partially in deterring us from a complete furnishing of our abode, she only says:

"I didn't throw it, it' jes' dropped, I cawn't help de lishes a droppin' of dey wants ter, an' dar caun't nebody It ag'in, 'pity 'bout her!' haw haw," and Rachel threw

"Rachel." I remark, "I am sure it need not take you quite two hours to do up the breakfast dishes for "Ef anybody hes ter be onter dar feet all day, dey

doan' feel much like hurryin' up an' gittin' through spry," she informs us. "But, Rachel, if you would do the work quickly,

you could have a plenty of time in which to sit down and rest." "Dar caun't nobody do no moar dan ter keeps at it

all de time." The argument is unanswerable, and we are, for the

time at least, silenced.

"Did you sweep off the front porch and steps this orning before breakfast as I told you to do every morning, Rachel," is an inquiry prompted by the untidy appearance of the aforesaid porch and steps.

"I'se hed time ernuff fur ter do it, an' I went out an' looked at it, but I didn't see nawthin' that needed no sweepin' off," was the response.

When engaged, every other Sunday was given on which to be away. But before the second Sunday came around, although she had been out three days in the week for from one to two hours each time, sh boldly asked for every Sunday, as " I haint never usern myself ter bein' confined inter de housen so stiddy like, an' I doan' jes' know how Ise a-guine ter do it." Rachel receives a letter from her father who owns, she says, a seventy-five acre peanut farm, but "his

craps doan' pay him no moar, an' scein' as I'se de

yuenges' of his chil'ern hese a lookin fur me ter sen' him some money, an' so I'd like moar pay." We expect the climax will be reached shortly when we shall probably see Rachel coming in the house bearing a "yaller cheer" on her head. The last party for whom she worked has not paid her what was owing into a quarter, and though she makes frequent pilgrimages after the money, she scerns to ask cutright

for it, but-I tawks roun' about for it, an' dat man he knows well 'muff what I means. bar'foot, an' hes got ter hav my shoes mendid, an' I haint got no kwarter ter pay fur 'em. An' ef he doan' gib me dat kwarter pooty soon I'se agwine ter tote off one o' dem are yaller cheers ob his'n, fur Ise boun' ter git satisfakshun cutern him some way."

Rachel I wish you would close that outside door when you go in and out," we mildly request, as the searching spring winds sweep through this illy built Southern house.

"I cawn't take de time ter be a-op'nin' an' a-shettin' no doah arter me eb'ry time I goes out nor in. never ben usern ter it an' I cawn't do it," is the calm

"Ise a-gwine up pooty soon, an' den I kin take 'em. I haint a-gwine up jes' now, an' my hands haint

" Rachel, will you take these wraps up stairs?" We

" But they ought to be taken up now, Rachel; can't

you wash your hands !" "I s'pose I kin."

An interval of fifteen minutes passes, then we inquire : "Rachel, bayen't you had time yet to wash your

hands 1" "I s'poso Ise hed time, but I haint a done it." "Do it now, then, and take the wraps up immedi-

ately," we ejaculate, patience at a low cbb. Rachel soon appears, takes the wraps, and we hear her "tawkin ter dem wraps an' dem steers" as she proceeds on her way.

"Ise twenty year ole," Rachel remarked over the breakfast table the other morning to her co-laborer, Parmel, a bright-faced, "smart-spoken" young mulatto girl, "an' Ise tinkin' dat Ise ole' 'nuff ter get mar-ried of I kin git a man. I dunno if I wants a young man or an' ole man, I'se gwine ter fin' out dough, poorty soon which it 'll be, or of Ise gwine ter die," "Goin' ter die, are yer, if yer doant git married i" questioned Parmel. Parmel, be it known, has been

school three years "In the stone building," and being naturally bright and quick-witted, has improved much in her conversational and grammatical powers. "Yas, I is. I know how to fin' out wheteher Ise ter git marri'd or no; an ole woman she tole me."

Parmel laughs scornfully, and Rachel continues: She did, an' she prove it ter me, ter. She dun tole me ter go out an' stan' onter a stump one o' dese early spring evenin's jes' as the sun is a sottin', an' say ober:

Let me hyar my coffin soun'; Ef Ise gwine ter marry an ole man Let me hyar a cew loo, Ef Iso gwine ter marry a young man Let me hyar a bird sing.'

An' ef Ise gwine ter die I'll shore hyar de coffin soun'.

· Ef Ise gwine ter die

Ef Ise gwine ter marry an' ole' man I'll hyar de cow foe, an' ef it's a young man a bird will sing fur shore." "Oh, Rachel! You doant believe that?" queried Parmet. "Yas, I does, fur dat ole woman she prove it ter

She dun tole me ob a woman dat was gittin' along in years, an' she wantid ter marry an' ole man, so she went out onter a stump an' sed ober dem words, an' she hyar a burd sing. Now dat was quare 'nuff, fur burds dey be all in dar nests afor sundowns an' shore 'nuff she marri'd a young man. She did. She burd sing. He wasn't mor'n twenty, de young man she marri'd." "Sho!" Parmel interposed, "she didn't marry a man

at all. That was nothing but a young boy.

money an' I haint a-gwine dar no moar." Rachel is referring to that long since due twenty-five cents or awar'er" from a former employer. "I'se a gwine ter above all cavil on the score of mineral composition sen' a boy down of I has ter pay him eb'ry time he violent effect, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, approxi-

BABY'S SKIN AND SCALP Purified and Beautified by Cattenry Remedles.

Our oldest child, now six years of ago, when an infant "Have you ever kept house in Virginia?" inquired an six months old was attacked with a virginia, malignant acquaintance when informed that we were about to set skin disease. All ordinary remedies failing we called our The George Washington principle that should and imate the heart, the soul, of every true American, the little fellow's person, from the middle of his back down to his knees, was one solid rash, uglr. paintul, hiotched and mulicious. We had no rest at night, no peace by day. Finally we were advised to try the CUTH CURA REMEDIES. The effect was simply marvellens In three or four weeks a complete cure was wre ing the little fellow's person as white and healthy as though he had nover been attacked. In my opinion your though he had hever been stroked. In my opinion you valuable remedies saved his life, and to-day he is a strong healthy child, perfectly well, no reposition of the diseas having ever occurred.

Att'y at Law and Ex-Pros. Att'y, Ashiand, O, REFERENCE: J. G. Weist, Druggist, Ashiand, O,

CLEAR SKIN, PURE BLOOD.

nother who loves her children, who takes pride in their beauty, purity and health, and in bestowing upor them a child's greatest inheritance—a skin without blomish and a body nourished by pure blood-make trial of the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

I have seen the CUTICURA REMEDIES used for nilic-crust by a visitor in my house, and can testify hat the cure was speedy and permanent. I have also used them myself for cruptions of the skin on my little chief, with satisfactory results in every respect. The skin was broken out and began to assume ugly proportions. I have also heard my neighbors speak of the CUTICUPA REM-EDIES in the highest terms. Churchville, Augusta Co., Va.

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> HOW MY SIDE ACHES! Aching Sides and Back, Hip, Ridney and Uterine Pains, Rheumatic, Sciatic, Neuralgia, Sharp and Shooting Pains, relieved in one min-ute by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLAS-

TER. The first and only pain-killing plaster. 25 cents. de work none, an' I tells her yer helps some. She say den she reckon yer doan' do nawthin dat amounts ter nawthin', an' I done tole her yer want big an'

strong like her an' me was, an' dat it didn't stan' ter reason yer was made ter do work sech as me an her was, an' den she say, I hes ter laugh, Mis' Stesh, she say 'plty 'bout her!'s I began to realize that we were living in the country fur shore," as Rachel would say, where every one

was interested in our affairs and smiled. Rachel evi dently construed the smile into a token of encouragement and continued: "She said dat agin, Mis' Stesh, Mis' Bragg did. She sed, I hed ter laugh, I did. She said 'pity 'bout her? ag'in. She ax did yer keep dressed up all de time an I said, Yas, yer did mos' all de time, an' den she said

her head back, rolled her eyes, while her voice, deep enough bass for any man, could be heard in loud haw-haws" sounding all through the house. "She ax, Mis' Bragg did, of you'd a got de house all a-furbished up yit, an' when I tole her what yer was a-gwine ter do, she said, Mis' Brace did, dat she didn't

b'leeve it." This was becoming annoying, so impatiently but unwisely we said:

"Rachel, the next time any one asks you so many questions about our affairs, don't you think it would be well to suggest that they come right up here and

nake their inquiries either of Mr. Stash or of me!" "I reckon some ob dem would do it, Mis' Stesh, I does," Rachel said. Then after another lengthy pause

"Mr. Bragg was dar; he knowed I wanted my money, an' he had ter hop inter the tawk hisself. He said, 'I doan' reckon, Rachel, yer gets much time ter sot down, now yer a-workin' for Mis' Stesh, an' den, Mis' Stesh, I tole a story, may de Lawd forgib me; I said, 'I doan hev much o' nawthin' ter do 'ceptin' de cookin', dar be a good lot ob dat, fur Mr. and Mis' Stesh, day'so n' ob good tings ter cat, an' we hes eberyting ver cans tink on.' Dar was no story 'bout dat, Mis' Stesh, only dar was dat I didn't hey much o' nawthin' elses ter do; an I reckons he knowed it, fur he said, Mr. Bragg did, 'I bet yer hev 'nuff else ter do.'

wouldn't,' sez I, 'only jes' Mis' Stesh wants de hou kep' jes' es clean es dough it was a new house all da time. Ef fowks dat hab libed in it afore hedn't bes kinder no 'count fowks, dey wouldn't aleft it so dirty." AFEARED OF A GAL.

Oh, darn it all:—afeared of her,
And such a mite of a gal!
Why, two of her rolled into one
V-u'r ditto sister Sal.
Her voice is sweet as the whippoorwing
And the sunshine's in her hair;
But I'd rather face a redsiln's knife,
Or the grip of a grizzly bear.
Yet Sal says, "Why, she's such a dear,
She's just the one for you."
Oh, darn it all:—afeared of a gal,
And me just six feet two!

Though she ain't any size, while I'm
Considerable tall.
I'm nowhere when she speaks to ma
She makes me feel so small.
My face grows red; my tongue gets hitches.
The cussed thing won't go;
It riles me, 'cause it makes her think
I'm most tarnation slow.
And though felks say she's sweet on me.

I'm most tarnation slow.

And though folks say she's sweet on me.

I guess it can't be true.

Oh, darn it all!—afcared of a gal,

And me just six feet two!

My sakes: just s'pose if what the folks Is saying should be so! My sakes; just s'pose if what the folds
Is saying should be so?
Go. Cousin Jane, and speak to her
Find out, and let me know.
Tell her the gals should court the men,
For isn't this leap-year?
That's why I'm kinder bashful like,
Awaiting for her here.
And should she hear I'm scared of her,
You'll swear it can't be true.
Oh, darn it all !—afcared of a gal,
And me just six feet two!

SHREIS OF CANCELLED POSTAGE STAMPS. rom The New-Haven News.

From The New-Haven News.

More than one man whose business takes him nest the post office has been fooded lately by picking up what seemed to be sheets of perfectly good stamps, but which have been cancelled. As the stamps are in whole sheets many have wondered how they became cancelled since they show no evidence of having been affixed to letters or packages. Postmaster English said last evening that the stamps were bought by Yaio men to pay for answers received from the circulars sent to graduates in regard to the fence question. The law makes a eliquidar to which a name has been signed a letter, and the postage should be two cents. Many letters have been received with one cent stamps attached, and to pay the extra postage sheets of our cent stamps are tought, cancelled and thrown away.

HEARING THE GRASS GROW.

From The Boston Transcript.

The Listener has often encountered the expression, the one may hear the grass grow new," but he never actually did hear the grass grow until the other night. To forestall sleepleseness he has a habit of starting out in the evening for a brisk walk, stick in hand and dog at his heels. Passing the other evening along a grassy sayside, which was lined, across the walk, with a row of buttonwood trees, he heard, two or three times, a peculiar ranking sound, that was very much like the falling of irops of rain upon dry leaves. But as the sky was perfectly clear, the sound could not be rain; and as there was not a breath of air stirring, it could not be wind. Not could it be the jumping of insects, for it was quite toe carry in the scasson for them. The queer crackling continued. Proceedly the Listener stopped and listened more intently, and he ratisfied himself, by a sufficient examination, and by a comparison with other places in the neighborhood, that the crackling was made by the pushing up of the growing grass upon a thin, continuous covering of dry buttonwoof leaves that overspread it. Those leaves contituted almost a carpot over a thick mass of crass; and the grass, in lifting this covering, cracked it here and there. It was the leaves and not the grass, to be sure, that the Listener heard, but it was the growing of the grass that made them erackle, so that he may truly say, hereafter, that he heard the grass grow.

THE CRIEF BEAUTY OF A FUNERAL From The Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

A few years ago a citizen of Eastern Maine lost his wife. Owing to a storm on the day of the fueral, the choir could not go. Several days afterward, the bereaved expressed his disappentment at their not coming, because he thought that "singing was all the beauty of a funeral."

An Assurance of Health. Among the assurances of health afforded us egular discharge of the bodily functions, none is more important and reliable than that which regularity of the bowels gives us. If there is any-even a temporary interruption of this-the liver and the stomach safer conjointly with inactive organs, and still greater misched ensues if relief is not speedily obtained. A laxitive sen' a boy down of i hos ter pay him eb'ry time ho
go. An 'ef he doan' git it I'se boun' ter hev one o'
dom yare yaller cheers o' Mr. Bragg's. I'll dun tote
one ob dem off wid me, fur I'se boun ter hev my
satisfakshun."

No reply being made Rachel stands for a minute or
two evidently in deep thought, then she continues:
"Mis' Bragg she ax a power ob kwesshuns bout yer.
Mis' Stesh. She wanter know of yer helps me adoin'

violent effect, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, approve
by the medical profession and a most important tend
of the family materia medics of American households.
It is botante, painless in action, and if persisted in
no less promptly and thereughly than the bowels are
no less promptly and thereughly than the bowels are
regulated and toned by it, and it is an adaptable defence
regulated and remains all it is an adaptable defence
regulated and remains all it is an adaptable defence
regulated and remains and recumstic alineates, and scoling,
remed's for kidney complaints, nervousness and decitive.